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The Artist and the Terrorist, or The Paintable and the Unpaintable: Gerhard Richter and the Baader-Meinhof Group

Alex Danchev*

This article is offered as a small demonstration of what art has to say about terror and violence. It focuses on the German artist Gerhard Richter and his cycle of paintings on the life and death of the homegrown terrorists of the Baader-Meinhof group, *October 18, 1977* (1988). Following Richter, it explores whether atrocity is "paintable." It investigates the encounter between the artist and the terrorist and proposes that Richter's is a profound exploration of terror and counterterror in the contemporary world. **Keywords:** art, terror, Richter, Baader-Meinhof

Crime fills the world, so absolutely that we could go insane out of sheer despair. (Not only in systems based on torture, and in concentration camps: in civilized countries, too, it is a constant reality; the difference is merely quantitative. Every day, people are maltreated, raped, beaten, humiliated, tormented and murdered—cruel, inhuman, inconceivable.) Our horror, which we feel every time we succumb or are forced to succumb to the perception of atrocity (for the sake of our own survival, we protect ourselves with ignorance and by looking away), our horror feeds not only on the fear that it might affect ourselves but on the certainty that the same murderous cruelty operates and lies ready to act within every one of us. I just wanted to put it on record that I perceive our only hope—or our one great hope—as residing in art.

—Gerhard Richter

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> I remember a conversation with Kafka which began with present-day Europe and the decline of the human race. "We are nihilistic thoughts, suicidal thoughts, that come into God's head," Kafka said. This reminded me at first of the Gnostic view of life: God as the evil demiurge, the world as his Fall. "Oh no," said Kafka, "Our world is only a bad mood of God, a bad day of his." "Then there is hope outside this manifestation of the world that we know." He smiled. "Oh, plenty of hope, an infinite amount of hope—but not for us."
>
> —Max Brod

Perhaps the only great art yet made of terror and counterterror in the contemporary world is a cycle of fifteen paintings by the leading German artist Gerhard Richter,[1] completed in 1988 and collectively entitled *October 18, 1977*.[2] The date has a malign significance. That morning, in the high-security wing of Stammheim Prison, Stuttgart, guards discovered the leaders of the Red Army Faction (RAF), otherwise known as the Baader-Meinhof group, dead or dying in their cells. Andreas Baader had been shot in the head, Gudrun Ensslin hanged. They were already dead. Jan-Carl Raspe, also shot in the head, was still alive; he was rushed to hospital but died soon afterward. Irmgard Möller alone survived her wounds. Ulrike Meinhof had been found hanging from a window grating in her cell the year before. Holger Meins died from starvation in a hunger strike to protest prison conditions in 1974. The existential struggle for control over his body, the syndicated photograph of him on his deathbed, and his last recorded words lent him the air of a martyr cloaked in the mantle of a *soixante-huitard,* an impression reinforced by the authentic argot:

> Either pig or man, either survival at any price or fight to the death, either problem or solution. There's nothing in between. Of course, I don't know what it's like when you die or when they kill you. Ah well, so that was it. I was on the right side anyway—everybody has to die anyway. Only one question is how one lived, and that's clear enough: fighting pigs as a man for the liberation of mankind: a revolutionary battle with all one's love for life, despising death.[3]

Meins and the others had revolutionary aspirations. Their methods were more prosaic. The Baader-Meinhof group were terrorists (homegrown). They caused convulsions in the body politic, and tremors to this day. In 2006 Meinhof's daughter, Bettina Röhl, failed in her attempt to sue the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* for describing her as a "terrorist's daughter." Germany's highest appeals court ruled against her on the grounds that it was a factual report and not an insult. In 2007, when a former member of the group came up for parole after serving the minimum term of twenty-four years, such was the media frenzy that she was released two days early in order to avoid

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the pack of ravening reporters: in itself an inflammatory concession.[4] In 2008 Udi Edel's film *Der Baader-Meinhof Komplex* only served to renew the controversy. The film was described acidly by Bettina Röhl as "the worst-case scenario—it would not be possible to top its hero worship."[5] Normalization is difficult. The brand may have sunk from a vanguard movement to a fashion statement ("Prada-Meinhof")—truly the "polit-kitsch" discerned by Richter's friend and fellow traveler Benjamin Buchloh—but for the older generation, Baader-Meinhof still touches a raw nerve.[6] Whatever the verdict of criminal justice, history has not yet had its due.

There is no getting away from their crimes. They were tried for hijacking, kidnapping, and murder. For many good Germans they were a shameful excrescence. For others, including Gerhard Richter, their youth, their idealism, their sheer implacability aroused a certain sympathy, or pity, however much their actions were to be deplored. "I was impressed by the terrorists' energy, their uncompromising determination, and their absolute bravery," recorded the artist, boldly, on the unveiling of his work, "but I could not find it in my heart to condemn the state for its harsh response. That is what states are like; and I had known other, more ruthless ones."[7]

Richter knew more than most. He was born in Dresden in 1932, the year before Hitler came to power. The arc of his life describes the torment of the century.[8] His mother was a cultured and purposeful woman, with a passion for music and the classics of German literature. Gerhard was the apple of her eye. With his father, however, there was always a certain distance. Horst Richter was congenitally overmatched. Affable and ineffectual, he was a schoolteacher, a staunch Protestant, and, like most civil servants, a member of the National Socialist Party. Soon enough, Gerhard was pressed heedless into the Hitler Youth, and the family was caught in the toils of the "war of annihilation," as Hitler called it, on the Eastern Front. Young Gerhard was captivated by it all. Trenches were dug outside the house—fortuitously, they had moved to a village outside the city—US bombers dropped propaganda leaflets, Soviet fighters flew overhead hunting for German army trucks. "There were weapons and cannons and guns and cigarettes; it was fantastic." He watched the bombing of Dresden in 1945 and listened to his grandmother and aunt tell their survivors' tales of the firestorm and the carnage. Later he explored the ruins. Later still he painted exact pictures of military aircraft and ambiguous aerial cityscapes. "I am a specialist in airplanes," he remarked wryly.

In later life Richter's favorite author was Thomas Bernhard (1931–1989), his contemporary and another specialist in airplanes, who scrambled in the ruins of Salzburg much as Richter did in Dresden. Bernhard's memoir of that formative experience must have spoken powerfully to the painter of ruination and mutilation:

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> The whole square below the cathedral was strewn with fragments of masonry, and the people who had come running like us from all quarters gazed in amazement at this unparalleled and unquestionably fascinating picture, which to me seemed monstrously *beautiful* and not in the least frightening. Suddenly *confronted* with the absolute savagery of war, yet at the same time *fascinated* by the monstrous sight before my eyes, I stood for several minutes silently contemplating the scene of destruction presented by the square with its brutally mutilated cathedral—a scene created only a short while before, which had still not quite come to rest and was so overwhelming that I was unable to take it in.[9]

Richter's father disappeared for the duration. Mobilized in 1939, he served on both the Eastern and the Western Front before being captured by US forces. He did not return home until 1946. He was not permitted to resume his teaching post, nor, it seems, his family life. "He shared most fathers' fate at the time," Richter remembered. "Nobody wanted them." Horst Richter remained in some sense a prisoner of war. He never found his place in civil society. Eventually he committed suicide. Much later, Richter's mother let him know that his revenant father was not his real father, after all, a small biographical bombshell dropped in an academic footnote, fifty years after the fact.[10]

There were other losses. Richter's flamboyant Uncle Rudi waltzed off to war and was killed within days. His Aunt Marianne, committed to a mental institution from the age of eighteen and forcibly sterilized in 1938, fell victim to the "euthanasia program" so efficiently administered by the Nazi doctors. Subsequently it transpired that Richter's father-in-law was himself a Nazi doctor, indeed a senior officer in the SS, personally implicated in that same program.[11] Over the years Richter compiled his own family album, the trademark "photo-paintings," of these phantom presences in his life.[12]

After the war he trained as a mural artist in the service of the state, under the vigilant apparatchiks of the German Democratic Republic, a state as airless as it was ruthless.[13] Increasingly disaffected, he slipped over to the West in 1961, just before the Berlin Wall went up. This long apprenticeship in the red-brown spectrum of totalitarianism served to inoculate him against ideologies and belief systems of all sorts. Richter was in every sense an unbeliever. Such was his public persona, and also his private conviction. Unbelieving, however, did not mean unfeeling.

The Baader-Meinhof group were nothing if not conductors of strong feeling. Their deaths in custody—the manner of the dying and the spectacle of the dead—unleashed a torrent of complex emotion and prejudiced opinion, for it was not immediately clear by whose

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hand they had perished. The supposition is suicide; such is the weight of circumstantial evidence.[14] The suspicion, never quite laid to rest, is the sullen myrmidons of the state. Germany has some experience of state repression. The burn marks of the past are as visible as the burn marks on Ulrike Meinhof's neck in three spectral images Richter called, simply, *Dead.*

Altogether the images have an uncanny affect. Richter's cycle stands in succession to David's *Death of Marat* (1793), Goya's *Third of May 1808* (1814), and Picasso's *Guernica* (1937). Like all great art, it continues to mutate. The mystery of the meaning of the October cycle is still unresolved, not least, perhaps, for its creator. "What have I painted?" Richter asked himself in December 1988, when he was done. By his reckoning:

> Three times Baader, shot. Three times Ensslin, hanged. Three times the dead Meinhof after they cut her down. Once the dead Meins. Three times Ensslin, neutral (almost like pop stars). Then a big, unspecific burial—a cell dominated by a bookcase—a silent, grey record player—a youthful portrait of Meinhof, sentimental in a bourgeois way—twice the arrest of Meins, forced to surrender to the clenched power of the state. All the pictures are dull, grey, mostly very blurred, diffuse. Their presence is the horror and the hard-to-bear refusal to answer, to explain, to give an opinion.[15]

They are history paintings but also memory paintings. They come into play "at this blind spot where 'being unable to forget' and 'not wanting to remember' cross paths."[16] Richter could not help but remember. "I had kept a number of photographs for years, under the heading of unfinished business."[17] Collecting, reflecting, archiving: this was his normal modus operandi. Embedded in his "Atlas"—a scrapbook or sourcebook of photographs, postcards, drawings, clippings, diagrams, and plans from his bottomless bottom drawer—there are two batches of photographs of the Holocaust, some of them blurred.[18] The first batch he assembled in 1967, the second in 1997. On the latter occasion he had been commissioned to make a work for the newly restored Reichstag in Berlin. He seriously considered using a selection of those images in a columnar construction he designed for the towering atrium, making a kind of spinal memorial—the very backbone of the building—a parliament of hopes and bones.[19] One can only speculate on what the reaction might have been. In the end he decided against. The Holocaust was "unpaintable." But he seems to have wondered every so often whether he could find a way.[20]

The unmasterable past is very much on his artistic mind. So too the intransigent present. Despite repeated protestations that he is not interested in politics, in "questions of political content or historical

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truth" Richter is in fact a deeply political painter.[21] Like his work, however, he is hard to enlist. "If I'm thinking of political painting in our time," he told an uncomprehending Benjamin Buchloh, "I'd rather have Barnett Newman. He painted some magnificent pictures." "So it is said," retorted Buchloh. "But magnificent in what way?" "I can't describe it now," replied Richter, "what gets to me in them—I believe they're among the most important paintings of all."

He has continued to respond characteristically to the world of affairs. *War Cut* (2004), for example, is a kind of abstract serial of the Iraq War, complete with contemporary reportage. It consists of 216 "excerpts," or "blinks," from one of his abstract paintings, photographed in extreme closeup by the artist, juxtaposed with reports from the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* of March 20 and 21, 2003, as the war was launched.[23] In 2006, the "*Atlas*" disclosed a new intimation: a newspaper clipping, roughly framed in white paper, and three color printouts of the Twin Towers ablaze. This sequence appears alongside some abstract collages; it is labeled, anonymously, "Stripes and WTC [World Trade Center]."[24] These are not random placements. Nothing arrives in the "Atlas" by chance. Richter is meticulous in his dispositions, and an obsessive arranger and rearranger of the facts of his life and work. Unconventionally, he started his own *catalogue raisonné,* in 1962, once he had found his feet in the West. He was thirty. The year 1962 was year zero. He cancelled his past and set about creating the real Gerhard Richter. No *catalogue raisonné* in modern times has been more actively managed by its living subject.[22]

Yet he is no mere self-publicist. He is an artist of Proustian premeditation. Other artists have dared to think of the toppling of the towers as a spectacle, a ready-made, or a subject for their own work; few have voiced the thought, and fewer still have acted on it. Richter is different. For a specialist in airplanes, WTC may be his madeleine. Surprisngly enough, 9/11 is paintable.[25] For Richter, the paintable and the unpaintable are shifting sands: not a question of taboos or proscriptions, given or handed down; rather an exercise of individual artistic conscience. Such an exercise might well traverse issues of taste, or discretion, and also issues of scale, but in the end paintability is a matter of judgment—for Richter, judgments about his own capacity, the snare of inanity, and the scent of hope.[26]

In the case of the Baader-Meinhof paintings, he set to work some ten years after the events of that traumatic "German autumn" of 1977, commemorated by Fassbinder, Schlöndorff, and their collaborators on film. Ten years was a decent interval, or a necessary period of maturation: "It's hard to say how it came about that late in 1987 my interest revived, and so I got hold of some more photographs and had the idea of painting the subject."[27] It may have been hard to say—

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Richter's self-explanation tends toward the elliptical—but the revival of interest coincided exactly with the famous German *Historikerstreit:* a quarrel, not to say a battle royal, among German historians about the proper interpretation of the German past—specifically, the National Socialist past.[28] At issue were fundamental questions about how that history could be understood (and communicated); how the Holocaust, in particular, could be "dealt with," morally, historically, and psychologically; how an ethical but usable past could be reconstructed from the wreckage. This was a very public quarrel, engaging many of the country's leading intellectuals. Richter cannot but have been aware that it was going on. For all that he likes to play up the proverbial stupid painter ("most artists are afflicted with more than common stupidity"), he comes dangerously close to being an intellectual himself, as his writing and reading and talking amply demonstrate. It was precisely in this period that he asserted, publicly and emphatically, "There is lyric poetry after Auschwitz."[29] Moreover, some of these issues were his issues. The daily practice of painting is the remembrance of things past. If painting *is* remembering, these paintings seem to reenact that painful process. The *October* cycle is among other things a cycle of memory: tenebrous memory made manifest.

History does not repeat itself, said Mark Twain, but it rhymes. The historical connections were there to be made. In 1977, in a feverish political climate, as parallel plots spun out of control, the industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer was kidnapped and executed by terrorists. Ten years later, the Hanns-Martin Schleyer Foundation sponsored a symposium in Berlin that addressed itself to the question, "To Whom Does German History Belong?" That question was in part a generational question, as the Baader-Meinhof group proclaimed in word and deed. "This is the Auschwitz generation," announced Gudrun Ensslin, "and there's no argument with them!"[30] Richter would have read of these things in the course of his exhaustive preparatory research. For the artist, the problem of trying to come to terms with the terrorist (and the counterterrorist) was in some ways analogous to the problem confronted by the warring historians. It might be called the problem of the perpetrator. It touches on myriad repressions and suppressions, societal and personal. As Richter put it to Jan Thorn Prikker: "If people wanted to see these people [the Red Army Faction] hanged as criminals, that's only a part of it: there's something else that puts an additional fear into people, namely that they themselves are terrorists. . . . So this terrorism is inside all of us, that's what generates the rage and fear, and that's what I don't want, any more than I want the policeman inside myself—there's never just one side to us. We're always both: the state *and* the terrorist."[31] The problem of the perpetrator is at heart a moral issue. It bears on responsibility—and guilt—and it demands an

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effort of empathy. The terrorist is not of our tribe; neither is the policeman. But that comforting thought is pursued by another, discomforting as it may be, that goes to the heart of Gerhard Richter's project. These people, so alien to us, are human, all too human. They are not like us. They *are* us.

For Richter, famously, painting is a moral act. The *October* cycle is a moral tale—at once metaphysical quest and police procedural. As so often, the creative process began with the photographs he had collected. Each of the paintings in the cycle has a photographic model.[32] The photographs in question are for the most part police photographs—crime-scene photographs—taken in the course of investigations into the deaths of those featured (Andreas Baader, Gudrun Ensslin, Ulrike Meinhof, and Holger Meins), and published in glossy magazines *(Der Spiegel* and *Stern)*. Two of them are originally film stills. Extraordinarily, a German television crew had filmed the arrest of Baader and Meins in Frankfurt on June 1, 1972. The shootout between the terrorists and the police left Baader wounded and Meins forced to surrender (and strip) under the guns of the menacing armored vehicles—"the clenched power of the state." All this was broadcast on the evening news; individual images found their way into the press. Similarly, if less dramatically, the "big, unspecific burial," the funeral of Baader, Ensslin, and Raspe at the Stuttgart Waldfriedhof on October 27, 1977, was also filmed by a television crew (not to mention numerous police photographers).

The provenance of the photographs is highly appropriate. Nowhere is this more subtly observed than in Richter's three snaps of the living, breathing Ensslin, which seem to communicate so much, so naturally of the person who is but one frame away from extinction. In keeping with the overall tenor of the work, this sequence, one of several miniseries within the cycle, is not quite what it seems. "Three times Ensslin neutral (almost like pop stars)," recorded Richter, yet these pictures are entitled *Confrontation* 1, 2, and 3. They are easier to read than some of the others—less blurred—but the message of the image is ambiguous. They have a lighter emotional tone, an improvised quality, a feeling almost of complicity with the viewer—with us. Ensslin turns this way and that for our inspection, performing perhaps, as Richter seems to be suggesting, or playacting, as if in a photo booth; or being put through her paces in a lineup. In fact she refused to be photographed when taken into custody. The photographs from which Richter worked were shot through a peephole in a flower picture on the wall of the interrogation room. As it turns out, therefore, Ensslin has been photographed refusing to be photographed. The artist's stolen images are a representation of a battle of will—a confrontation—and a revelation of subterfuge. Perpetrators come in different guises, as Gerhard

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Richter knows only too well, including photographers . . . and painters.

Richter's reflections on the Red Army Faction are unusually personal. "Knowledge of the people, knowing the people, was basic to the pictures." He studied the literature; he sifted and resifted the photographs. He got to know them, as it were, photographically. As his knowledge deepened, so he became more involved. "I was touched by them," he told one interviewer. "And the feelings built up, because I had not satisfactorily dealt with their existence," and their nonexistence.[33] Richter has written of the *October* cycle as a form of leave-taking. Perhaps it is also a kind of mourning.

> Factually: these specific persons are dead; as a general statement, death is leave-taking. And then ideologically: a leave-taking from a specific doctrine of salvation and beyond that, from the illusion that unacceptable circumstances of life can be changed by this conventional expedient of violent struggle (this kind of revolutionary thought and action is futile and passé). And then the work bears a strong sense of leave-taking for me personally. It ends the work I began in the 1960s (paintings from black-and-white photographs), with a compressed summation that precludes any possible continuation. And so it is a leave-taking from thoughts and feelings of my own, on a very basic level. . . . Of course, personal circumstances play a part in all this. On the one hand, they cannot be seen in isolation from the generalized "leave-taking" mentioned above; on the other, they have to be disregarded, because it is all too easy and too misleading to use them to explain things away in psychological terms.[34]

Death is indeed the dominant motif. Asked which pictures remained unpainted, Richter responded: "The ones that weren't paintable were the ones I did paint. The dead. To start with, I wanted more to paint the whole business, the world as it then was, the living reality—I was thinking in terms of something big and comprehensive. But then it all evolved quite differently, in the direction of death."[35]

He painted them dead or alive. The *October* cycle is the ultimate wanted poster.[36] Death as a subject had preoccupied him for some time. One commentator has gone so far as to suggest that death is for Richter a criterion of what to paint. It may also have to do with the nature of his sources—the cherished photographs—with "that rather terrible thing which is there in every photograph: the return of the dead."[37]

The motif is often repeated. "Three times the dead Meinhof after they cut her down." Meinhof, too, has her miniseries. In these iconic images she appears to fade away before our very eyes, shrinking and blurring a little more with each repetition. Ironically, she was brought

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back to life (or death) sixteen years later, in 2004, by Marlene Dumas, who painted the same image, from the same shock photo. Richter's Meinhof is evanescent. Dumas's Meinhof is ghastly—blacker, starker, harsher—a tight closeup, mouth agape, the burn mark a choker. This shrieking reprise is titled *Stern* (star), a play on the name of the magazine in which she originally appeared and her celebrity status variously construed.[38] It is also, inescapably, an homage to Gerhard Richter. The *October* cycle is already a source text. It has inspired a short story from Don DeLillo, another series of unnerving encounters, in the first instance with the works themselves.[39] Among artists, redoing Richter has become a minor industry. Making work of his work is now an art of its own.[40] There is an element of justice in this, which might be called poetic. Richter has made a career of romping through the canon of Western art, making free with images of all kinds. It is only fitting that the great appropriator is himself appropriated.

Elsewhere, Baader lies dead on the floor of his cell. Ensslin hangs from a window grating, the scene befogged, the torso smudged, the legs dangling in ghostly suspension. A still life sits in lonely eminence: the silent, grey, record player—a true *memento mori*—where the gun is hidden. *There's One in Every Crowd* by Eric Clapton is on the turntable. A cell dominated by a bookcase is void of human presence, save for a cadaverous overcoat. The night of 18 October 1977 is closing in. Exactly sixty years before, on 18 October 1917, Franz Kafka wrote in his notebook: "Dread of night. Dread of not-night."[41] Gerhard Richter is an admirer of Kafka; he expresses himself in like fashion. The deathworks of the deathnight are painted dread: dark, cloudy, frozen. And yet they dwell in hope, like the artist. His paintings have an extraordinary reflective quality. As we peer at them (into them) we glimpse something of ourselves. Richter himself has proposed that these paintings "are also to do with us, our hopes and failures, our death."[42] The cell is a transit camp, says Gerhard Storck suggestively.[43] In the antechamber of death we weigh our emotions. How are we to feel? What are we to make of these scene-of-the-crime images, these absent presences, these ex-people?

The paintings are beautiful. Their surfaces are beautiful, but it is not a surface beauty. It is a wounded beauty—like the ruined Dresden—for Richter, almost a contradiction in terms.[44] The wound is depicted on the body, as in Kafka's penal colony. Richter's penal colony is harrowing indeed, but the work is not didactic. "The pictures are not partisan," as he puts it. "They are hard to enlist, to make use of. Grief is not tied to any 'cause'. Nor is compassion." Asked about the object of his compassion, he replied: "The death the terrorists had to suffer. They probably did kill themselves, which for me makes it almost more terrible. Compassion also for the failure; the fact that an

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illusion of being able to change the world has failed."[45] Like *Guernica,* the paintings express both sorrow and horror. Unlike *Guernica,* they have a deadpan, affective atmosphere.[46] No one screams. The *October* cycle has a stillness, a pathos, and an essential privacy foreign to Picasso.

Richter eschews exclamation. He offers abbreviations of world-content, in Hermann Broch's phrase, and, possibly, variations on the Old Masters.

> About suffering they were never wrong,
> The Old Masters: how well they understood
> Its human position. . . .
> They never forgot
> That even the dreadful martyrdom must run its course
> Anyhow in a corner, some untidy spot
> Where the dogs go on with their doggy life and the
> torturer's horse
> Scratches its innocent behind on a tree.[47]

The big, unspecific burial, Beerdigung, is less a burying than a coffining. It is the coffins that stand out from the crowd, the coffins and the small cross on the skyline. Richter was also an expert in coffins. One of the earliest entries in his self-selected catalogue raisonné is a photo-painting called *Coffin Bearers* (1962), a marvellously expressive work with more than a touch of Manet about it.[48] A Manet hangs in Richter's studio. His dead Baader is supposed to owe something to Manet's *Dead Toreador* (1864), his dead Meinhof to David's dead Marat, his burial to Courbet's *Burial at Ornans* (1849–1850). Richter for his part rejects the idea of direct quotation, but he has half of art history in his head, as he says, and it is nothing if not eclectic. "Art has always been basically about agony, desperation and helplessness (I am thinking of crucifixion narratives, from the Middle Ages to Grünewald; but also of Renaissance portraits, Mondrian, Rembrandt, Donatello and Pollock)." Seamus Heaney has written of another painter: "As he makes his mark, the Rubens that he forgets he knows is as important as the river he knows he is remembering."[49] The memory banks of agony, desperation, and helplessness are constantly being replenished. Buried and unburied, the body count is mounting. Richter's coffins look like the tops of the columns of Peter Eisneman's *Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe,* in Berlin, seen from above. That memorial was commissioned in 1999, after much agonizing, and unveiled in 2005. "And so they are ever returning to us, the dead."[50]

One painting in the cycle breathes life: a portrait of Meinhof as a young girl, full-face and wholesome, as if from an earlier age of innocence. Richter called it "sentimental in a bourgeois way" and titled it,

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quaintly, *Youth Portrait (Jugendbildnis)*.[51] This portrait, also, is not quite what it seems. Its photographic model (most likely a publicity photograph) dates from around 1970, when the subject was thirty-six, already married and divorced, with a reputation as a writer and activist, to say nothing of twin "terrorist's daughters." One would not know it from the painting, but Ulrike Meinhof was almost Richter's age—or would have been, had she lived. She too was an Easterner; and an intellectual. The artist and the terrorist met on common ground. In the photograph she looks unblemished, almost airbrushed, but resolute; her mouth is set firm as her gaze. Her eyes are wide open. She coolly meets the camera's stare. In the painting she is younger, gentler, blurrier; the lips are softer and so is the look. A hint of vulnerability has crept in around the eyes. This intriguing "youth portrait" is something akin to a "face" *(tronie)* in the tradition Vermeer would have understood, where the artist's goal is not portraiture as such, but a study of character and expression. The young woman lacks only a pearl earring.

Dead or alive, the Baader-Meinhof paintings have never been easy to take in. They are stylistically troublesome. The *October* cycle inaugurates and instantiates Richter's late work. Late style, "the style of old age," is a tricky proposition. Gerhard Richter came early into lateness; but the style of old age is not always a product of the years. It is the reaching of a new level of expression, a kind of "abstractism."[52] The result is a set of radical finalities, a densely populated ethical universe, a conscious summation. Such is the cycle. All of this makes for demanding viewing. Adorno's analysis of the late work "refusing to reconcile in a single image what is not reconciled" speaks eloquently to these paintings. Richter's images are unreconciled. They do not surrender themselves to mere delectation.[53] The paintings are not transparent; neither is his purpose. They refuse that, and so does he. They are continually reformulating the question of what attitude it would be appropriate to adopt toward them. They seem to insist that there is more to see than we can at present see, and that we are not yet equipped to see it.[54] We need the right eyes, as Rilke remarked of Cézanne.

Politically, they continue to disturb. In the era of a "global war on terror" they have acquired a new resonance. The terrorist haunts our imagination. The suicide bomber is also one of us. Knowing no restraint, his superiority is evident, just as Conrad predicted. Suicide itself—the last act of rebellion, according to Meinhof—is an essentially contested concept. "The struggle goes on," as Ensslin said. "Even if they have taken the guns out of our hands, we are still left with our bodies. These we will now use as our ultimate weapon."[55] In 2003 the Pentagon reclassified hangings (attempted suicides) by detainees at

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Guantánamo Bay as "manipulative self-injurious behavior." The first attempts to succeed, in 2006, were described by the commander of the camp as "an act of asymmetrical warfare waged against us," and by the deputy assistant secretary of state as "a good PR move."[56]

The life and death of the detainee has become one of the defining issues of the age. What is the fate of our implacable foe? What we wish for her, what we see in her, what we concede to her—Richter found the women more interesting than the men—these are some of the more pressing questions posed by the work. To all outward appearances the Baader-Meinhof group were well looked after. In Stammheim they enjoyed every comfort. They had free range within the wing and more or less free association by day; they had lawyers, with whom they were in regular contact; Baader for one had hundreds of books in his cell, as Richter's spooky painting shows. Stammheim was not Abu Ghraib. And yet, after the images of Abu Ghraib, the images of Stammheim, blacked out and blurred, gray-within-gray, accumulate another layer of meaning, or memory, or involuntary association. The guiding principle of the penal colony returns with a vengeance: Guilt is never to be doubted. Corporal instruction and corporal indignity feature large. Humiliation is the watchword, hopelessness the aim.[57] The noose is a common appurtenance. In the annals of Baader-Meinhof this is an old story. Richter seems to have been remarkably prescient. Blacked out, indeed, applies with special force to a little-known second cycle, a kind of corollary of the first, *Stammheim* (1995), twenty-three abstract paintings on pages torn from a book by Pieter H. Bakker Schut, *Stammheim: The Case Against the RAF* (1986). *Stammheim* has been exhibited only rarely. In this work the text is visible but for the most part illegible under the smeared and scraped paint. At Richter's hands, by accident or design, the case against is a smear.[58]

Other works gather in the penumbra of the *October* cycle. Richter has spoken of a particular state of mind necessary to carry through the project.[59] This appears to mean a combination of the meditative and the melancholic, chased by an underlying sense of emptiness—a recurrent feeling. Bringing the work to completion was emotionally exhausting. Like the terrorists themselves, the artist had to find a way out. It was provided by one of the women. He began overpainting a rejected version of Ensslin, *Hanged,* in white, like a shroud. "I started to cover it, but against my wish or intention, it worked accidentally, and so I left it that way." The painting was retitled *Blanket.*[60] It does not hide everything: a vestige of the original remains.

If *Blanket* is a chance addendum, it is surely no accident that Richter went on to paint a coda: three huge diptychs entitled (in order of composition) *January, December,* and *November,* as if leading inexorably back to October.[61] These moody and magnificent works,

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abstract paintings as powerful as any in Richter's œuvre, seem to belong naturally (and affectively) with the cycle, though they have almost never been shown together.

Richter painted the diptychs in four months flat. At the end of that creative burst, he took up his camera and turned it on himself. Each day for six days he took a single self-portrait in his studio.[62] The photographs are murky, multiple exposure. The space is like a cage or a cell. The artist is a creature penned in solitary confinement. He is hunched, half-naked in the gloom. He bends, he squats, he crouches. He is a prisoner of his own studio.

The works he made are at once timely and timeless, like Goya's *Disasters of War* (1810–1820). The full title of that scabrous cycle of etchings is "Fatal consequences of the bloody war against Bonaparte in Spain. And other emphatic caprices." Richter's cycle of paintings treats of similar consequences and caprices. In a different idiom, they are every bit as unsparing. They might have been called *Disasters of War on Terror.*

They are also untimely, not to say scandalous. In the land of prosperity, conformity, and guilt, terror is a toxic subject. Now the toxicity has spread. Any attempt at understanding the terrorist, let alone sympathizing, was hazardous enough in Germany in 1988. (In this context as in others, the figure of "the sympathizer" is at once politicized and compromised, as Richter well understood.)[63] After 9/11 it has become infinitely more perilous.

18 October 1977 was exhibited for the first time, without fanfare, in Krefeld in 1989. The opening was the day of Thomas Bernhard's funeral, as Richter duly noted. The artist had hoped to avoid any unseemly spectacle. "The relatives and friends of these people are still alive. I neither wanted to hurt them, nor did I want an opening with people standing around chatting and drinking wine."[64] He was disappointed. Drink may have been in short supply; polemic and partisanship overflowed. The controversy was ferocious. In many quarters, the cycle was immediately recognized as a masterpiece. But "virtuoso oil paintings on the subject of Stammheim" were not to everyone's taste, especially not from Gerhard Richter, an artist conspicuous by his absence on the barricades. In the battle of pig and man, Richter was widely assumed to be on the side of the pigs. Coming from him, therefore, this was too little, too blurred, and too late. "The quality most evident in Richter's treatment of these still disturbing images," one critic wrote venomously, "is a dark and totally staged pathos."[65] Inasmuch as a certain sympathy for the terrorists as human beings might be discerned, it was provoking and perplexing in almost equal measure. For the unreconstructed of all persuasions, this was painting as immoral act.

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After Krefeld, the cycle traveled to Frankfurt, London, Rotterdam, St. Louis, New York, Montreal, Los Angeles, and Boston, before coming to rest in the Frankfurt Museum of Modern Art on a ten-year loan from the artist. Richter had indicated that he would not sell it piecemeal, nor to a private collector. He wanted it to be seen freely, and seen whole, in a museum collection. For several years its final destination remained open. It was generally assumed that *18 October 1977* belonged in Germany, just as *Guernica* belonged in Spain. Richter himself tended to share that assumption. The director of the Frankfurt museum, Jean-Christophe Amman, publicly expressed his wish to acquire it.

However, no firm offer was forthcoming. Frankfurt lacked the funds, and also the means to raise them. The RAF had been active in that city; the so-called second generation were responsible for the murder of the head of the Dresdener Bank, an important patron of the museum, which withdrew its support when the cycle was accepted as a loan. Eventually, in 1995 the issue was resolved with the announcement that the cycle had been acquired by the Museum of Modern Art (MOMA) in New York for an undisclosed sum, reputed to be $3 million. The announcement caused widespread consternation on both sides of the Atlantic. Amman protested that transfer to the United States would render the paintings "ineffective," a view in which many Europeans were only too ready to concur. Certain US commentators proceeded to give color to their fears by criticizing both the purchase and the artist, for his martyrology.[66] Richter for his part was prepared to think of the United States in general and MOMA in particular as a suitable environment for his work, precisely because the Atlantic crossing would serve to remove it from the febrile domestic political debate. *18 October 1977* was art, not current affairs. What mattered to Richter was what matters to all great artists: whether the work will hold up, against the competition, *sub specie aeternitatis*.[67] At MOMA it would find a good home and a fitting context. If it held up there, it would hold up anywhere. Richter's condition of sale was that MOMA should respect the existing arrangement with Frankfurt. This was readily agreed. In 2000–2001, as soon as it decently could, the museum devoted a special exhibition to its prize acquisition. The response was overwhelming. The sculptor Richard Serra justified the purchase and the project. "I don't think there's an American painter alive who could tackle this subject matter and get this much feeling into it in this dispassionate way," he told the critic Michael Kimmelman as they studied the work. He compared the dead Baader, *Man Shot Down,* to late Goya, and then to late Rembrandt. "These paintings aren't like late Rembrandts exactly, but they're disturbing in a way the Rembrandts are. There's a despair in them. And both the Richters

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and the Rembrandts are about people recognizing their own solitude through the paintings, which is what we respond to in them."[68]

And so they dwell in the heart of the wounded city, in the very temple of modernity, in New York. They have a forensic specificity, and a boundless, borderless reach. In more ways than one, they reconnect. Four years on from the hullabaloo of the opening, Richter reflected:

> What counts is the world of the mind, and of art, in which we grow up. Over the decades, this remains our home and our world. We know the names of those artists and musicians and poets, philosophers and scientists; we know their work and their lives. To us, they—and not the politicians and rulers—are the history of humankind; the others are barely names to us, and the associations that they arouse, if any, are horrific ones: for rulers can make their mark only through atrocities. No greater contrast is conceivable than that between Kafka and Kaiser Wilhelm II.[69]

The dead do not return alone. Art returns, as Paul Celan said.[70]

Notes

1. The first epigraph is from Notes, March 17, 1986, in Gerhard Richter, trans. David Britt, *The Daily Practice of Painting* (London: Thames & Hudson, 1995), p. 125. The second epigraph, quoting Max Brod, is from "Der Dichter Franz Kafka" [1921] quoted in Walter Benjamin, "Franz Kafka" [1934] trans. Harry Zohn, *Selected Writings,* vol. 2, part 2 (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1999), p. 798. Kafka lived from 1883 to 1924.

2. The works may be viewed on www.baader-meinhof.com. They are sumptuously reproduced in Robert Storr, *Gerhard Richter: October 18, 1977* (New York: MoMA, 2000), and *Gerhard Richter: Forty Years of Painting* (New York: MoMA, 2002); and less sumptuously but more accessibly in Storr, *Gerhard Richter: Doubt and Belief in Painting* (New York: MoMA, 2003).

3. Stefan Aust, *The Baader-Meinhof Group* [1985], trans. Anthea Bell (London: Bodley Head, 2008), pp. 262–263. The deathbed image is reproduced from Richter's notebook in *October 18,* p. 96.

4. This was Brigitte Mohnhaupt, who has kept her silence. Another case is pending: Christian Klar, who has shown some remorse. Reintegration is also difficult, as Astrid Proll testifies; see the *Independent,* February 18, 2007. Proll was once Baader's getaway driver. She served a four-year sentence. She has since worked as a picture editor at the *Independent* newspaper in London and as a photography lecturer in Berlin.

5. Bettina Röhl blog, quoted in the *Guardian,* September 25, 2008. Cf. Neal Ascherson, "A Terror Campaign of Love and Hate," *Observer,* September 28, 2008.

6. Benjamin Buchloh, "A Note on Gerhard Richter's *October 18, 1977,*" *October* 48 (1989): 100.

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7. Notes for a press conference [on the cycle], November–December 1988, *Daily Practice,* p. 173.

8. For a brief biography of the early life, see Richter, *Doubt and Belief,* pp. 32–63; for a full-scale retrospective, Richter, *Forty Years;* for the authorized version, Dietmar Elger, *Gerhard Richter, Maler* (Köln: DuMont, 2002).

9. Thomas Bernhard, *Gathering Evidence,* trans. David McLintock (London: Vintage, 2003), p. 90 (his emphases). Bernhard's autobiography first appeared in German in five separate volumes over the period 1975 to 1982. When *18 October 1977* was first exhibited, Richter was tickled to discover one aficionado who saw in the paintings the world of Thomas Bernhard. Interview with Michael Shapiro, June 11,1991, unpublished transcript, St. Louis Art Museum. I am grateful to Valerie Rudy-Valli for access to the curatorial files on its Richters and for a copy of the interview transcript. Cf. Geoff Dyer, "Reflections on Sebald, Bombs, and Bernhard," *Pretext* 9 (2004): 91–97.

10. See Benjamin Buchloh, "Divided Memory and Post-Traditional Identity: Gerhard Richter's Work of Mourning," *October* 75 (1996), p. 75. Acknowledged by the artist in Michael Kimmelman, "Gerhard Richter: An Artist Beyond Isms," *New York Times Magazine,* January 27, 2002.

11. This is the burden of the "family drama" by Jürgen Schreiber, *Ein Maler aus Deutschland* (München: Pendo, 2005).

12. See Stefan Gronert, *Gerhard Richter: Portraits* (Ostfildern: Cantz, 2006), no. 40, *Uncle Rudi,* and no. 61, *Aunt Marianne* (both 1965), both of them celebrated paintings—*Aunt Marianne* especially so after it was sold at auction at Sotheby's for £2.1 million in 2006. That painting (which is also a self-portrait, aged four months) has returned in a way to its origins: It is now on long-term loan to Dresden. A companion work from the same year, *Horst and His Dog,* not included in the collected portraits, appeared in the mammoth MoMA retrospective, *Forty Years,* p. 122. Cf. Paul B. Jaskot, "Gerhard Richter and Adolf Eichmann," *Oxford Art Journal* 28 (2005): 457–478.

13. See Jeanne Anne Nugent, "Overcoming Ideology: Gerhard Richter in Dresden, the early years," in *From Caspar David Friedrich to Gerhard Richter* (Los Angeles: Getty Publications, 2006), pp. 79–94.

14. This is the conclusion of Aust, *Baader-Meinhof Group,* the most exhaustive and persuasive account thus far. Richter relied heavily on it in his own preparatory research.

15. Notes, December 7, 1988, *Daily Practice,* p. 175. By this reckoning there appear to be a total of nineteen. Evidently there was some culling, or overpainting. According to Richter, an early version of Baader, shot, "went wrong" and had to be destroyed. At least one overpainted canvas remains as a pendant to the cycle: see below. Cf. *Doubt and Belief,* pp. 236 and 270, n. 3.

16. Gerhard Storck, "Untitled (Mixed Feelings)," in *Gerhard Richter: 18 Oktober, 1977* (Montreal: Museum of Fine Arts, 1990), p. 7.

17. Conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* p. 183.

18. Gerhard Richter, *Atlas* (London: Thames & Hudson, 2006), nos. 16–20, "Photos from Books," and nos. 635–646, "Holocaust."

19. His ideas for the design can be traced in *Atlas,* nos. 648–655, "Reichstag" (1997–1998). It became a giant abstract of the German flag.

20. On the paintable and the unpaintable, see the interview with Robert Storr, *Doubt and Belief,* pp. 164–165, and the conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* pp. 183–184.

21. Notes for a press conference, *Daily Practice,* p. 174. Such protestations recur throughout.

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22. Notes, October 1, 1989; interview with Buchloh (1986), *Daily Practice,* pp. 177, 158. The abstract expressionist Newman was an anarchist, a real one, as Richter would have known. See "The True Revolution is Anarchist!" his foreword to Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (1968) in his *Selected Writings and Interviews* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1992), pp. 44–52. Richter himself is popularly supposed to be, if not on the right, then certainly not on the left. In his case, perhaps, the conventional polarities are not very illuminating.

23. Gerhard Richter, *War Cut* (Köln: König, 2004). Cf. *Atlas,* nos 697–736, "Layout for the Book *War Cut*" (2004). The original work was *Abstract Painting 648-2* (1987). Walter Benjamin conceived of hints or "blinks"—"thought fragments," as Hannah Arendt says—for *The Arcades Project.*

24. *Atlas,* no. 744, "Stripes and WTC" (2006). The original clipping was pinned up on the wall behind his desk for several years before it found its way into his "Atlas."

25. See *September* (2009), based on the photograph. Compare Jerry Saltz, "Richter's Earthquake," *New York Magazine,* November 22, 2009.

26. Compare Siri Hustvedt, "Gerhard Richter: Why Paint?" in *Mysteries of the Rectangle* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 2005), p. 158; interview with Marian Goodman, 6 September 2006. Richter himself speaks the language of capacity, inanity, and hope.

27. Conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* p. 183.

28. See, e.g., Gordon Craig, "The War of the German Historians," *New York Review of Books,* January 15, 1987; Geoff Eley, "Nazism, Politics, and the Image of the Past," *Past and Present* 121 (1988): 171–208; and in slightly longer perspective Charles Maier, *The Unmasterable Past* (Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1998).

29. Interview with Buchloh (1986); notes, March 12, 1988, *Daily Practice,* pp. 148, 173. Richter reads widely in philosophy and literature.

30. Quoted in Aust, *Baader-Meinhof,* p. 44.

31. Conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* pp. 185–86. The formulation about the state and the terrorist echoes a famous passage in Conrad: "The terrorist and the policeman both come from the same basket. Revolution, legality—counter moves in the same game; forms of idleness at bottom identical. He plays his little game—so do you propagandists": *The Secret Agent* [1907] (Oxford: World's Classics, 2004), p. 52.

32. "A note on Richter's photographic models for *October 18, 1977,*" in *October 18,* p. 149. They are reproduced in that work, from the artist's notebooks or from the original magazine features. Many of them also appear among the images collected by Astrid Proll, *Baader-Meinhof: Pictures on the Run* (Zürich: Scalo, 1998). To add a further layer of replication, one hundred "Baader-Meinhof Photographs" in *Atlas* (nos. 470–479) are strictly speaking photographs of reproductions, many of them so blurred as to be almost illegible. Mysteriously, they are dated 1989; that is, after the paintings.

33. Conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* p. 190; Sarah Kent, "Richter Scale," *Time Out,* August 30–September 6, 1989.

34. Notes, October 1, 1989, *Daily Practice,* p. 178. The delphic remarks on "personal circumstances" are difficult to interpret. Not long after this, Richter's relationship with Isa Genzken came to an end, and he embarked on a new relationship with Sabine Moritz. The relationship with Genzken (a fellow artist who once made a work called *Master Gerhard*) was by all accounts a tempestuous one. Was their leave-taking already in train? Another interpretation of personal circumstances is offered below.

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35. Conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* p. 186. Cf. interview with Schütz (1990), ibid., p. 209.

36. Richter would have been familiar with the ubiquitous wanted poster for the Baader-Meinhof gang, headlined "Anarchist Violent Criminals," reproduced in *Doubt and Belief,* p. 186.

37. Roland Barthes, *Camera Lucida* [1980], trans. Richard Howard (London: Vintage, 2000), p. 9. Death as criterion is Jürgen Harten's suggestion. "The Romantic Intent for Abstraction," *Gerhard Richter* (Düsseldorf: Städtische Kunsthalle, 1986), p. 21.

38. Marlene Dumas, *Stern* (2004), at www.frithstreetgallery.com/dumas_secondcoming.html

39. Don DeLillo, "Baader-Meinhof," *New Yorker,* April 1, 2002.

40. See, e.g., Louise Lawlor, *Nude* (2002–2003), a study of Richter's *Ema (Nude on a Staircase)* (1966), itself an allusion to Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* (1912). This is "appropriation art."

41. Third Notebook, October 18, 1917, in Franz Kafka, *The Blue Octavo Notebooks* (Cambridge, MA: Exact Change, 1991), p. 13.

42. Kent, "Richter Scale."

43. Storck, "Untitled," p. 10.

44. "Agony, desperation and helplessness cannot be represented except aesthetically, because their source is the wounding of beauty (Perfection)": Notes, January 27, 1983, *Daily Practice,* p. 102. Cf. Hustvedt, "Gerhard Richter," p. 158.

45. Conversation with Prikker, *Daily Practice,* pp. 203–204.

46. Michael Fried's phrase, in *Courbet's Realism* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1990), p. 118, apropos *Burial at Ornans* (1849–1850).

47. W. H. Auden, "Musée des Beaux Arts" [1938], in *Collected Poems* (London: Faber, 1991), p. 179.

48. *Coffin Bearers* is currently no. 5 in the *catalogue raisonné.* It is reproduced in *Forty Years,* p. 109. The photographic model is in *Atlas,* no. 9, "Newspaper and Album Photos" (1962–1968).

49. Notes, January 27, 1983, *Daily Practice,* p. 102; Seamus Heaney, "Green Man," *Modern Painters* 3 (2000), p. 70. For his rejection of quotation, and history painting, see the interviews with Prikker and Jonas Storsve, *Daily Practice,* pp. 199, 227. "I'm not really very interested in history painting," he says to Storsve, "and I don't know much about it." These claims should be treated with caution. Compare David Green, "From History Painting to the History of Painting and Back Again: Reflections on the Work of Gerhard Richter," in David Green and Peter Seddon, eds., *History Painting Reassessed* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2000), pp. 31–49.

50. W. G. Sebald, *The Emigrants* [1993], trans. Michael Hulse (London: Harvill, 1997), p. 23.

51. I am grateful to Adelheid Scholten for discussion of the title. Robert Storr offers another reading of this painting in *Doubt and Belief,* p. 244.

52. See Hermann Broch's magisterial essay, "The Style of the Mythical Age" [1947] in Simone Weil and Rachel Bespaloff, *War and the Iliad* (New York: New York Review, 2005), pp. 103–121.

53. This is Adorno's formulation. See Theodor W. Adorno, "Late Style in Beethoven" [1937] and "Alienated Masterpiece" [1959], in *Essays on Music,* trans. Susan H. Gillespie (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002), pp. 564–567, 569–582. These meditations are the starting point for Edward Said's posthumously published reflections, *On Late Style* (London: Bloomsbury, 2006).

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54. These propositions borrow from Stefan Germer, "Unbidden Memories," in *18 Oktober,* pp. 4–6; and Gregg M. Horowitz, "The Tomb of Art and the Organon of Life: What Gerhard Richter Saw," in *Sustaining Loss* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2001), pp. 133–169.

55. Meinhof quoted in Aust, *Baader-Meinhof,* p. 347; Ensslin quoted in Jillian Becker, *Hitler's Children* [1977] (London: Pickwick, 1989), p. 264.

56. *New York Times,* June 11, 2006; *Guardian,* June 12, 2006.

57. See Alex Danchev, "'Like a Dog!' Humiliation and Shame in the War on Terror," *Alternatives* 31, no. 3 (2006), pp. 259–283.

58. Gerhard Richter, *Stammheim* (London: Anthony d'Offay, 1995), a limited edition in facsimile, the paintings reproduced actual size. One page is illustrated in color in *October 18,* p. 140. The overpainted book is *Stammheim: Der Prozeß gegen die Rote Armee Fraktion* (Kiel: Neuer Malik, 1986).

59. These insights into Richter's emotional or psychological state derive in particular from two lengthy interviews he gave to Michael Shapiro on 11 June and 19 November 1991. They may offer an alternative explanation of his "personal circumstances." Cf. Michael Shapiro, "I Ask Myself, What Does it Mean?" *St. Louis Museum of Art Bulletin* 2 (1992): 8–28.

60. *Blanket* (1988), reproduced in *Forty Years,* p. 224.

61. *January, December, November* (1989), reproduced in *Forty Years,* pp. 226–231.

62. *Six Photos, 2–7 May 1989* (1991), reproduced in *Portraits,* no. 73.

63. See *Doubt and Belief,* p. 141. For Richter's expression of "a certain sympathy for these people," see, e.g., his interview with Schütz, *Daily Practice,* p. 208.

64. Gregorio Magnani, "Gerhard Richter: For Me it is Absolutely Necessary that the Baader-Meinhof is a Subject for Art," *Flash Art* 146 (1989): 97.

65. *Die Tageszeitung,* March 18, 1989; Sophie Schwartz, "Gerhard Richter: Galerie Haus Esters, Krefeld," *Contemporanea* 3 (1989): 99.

66. On the theme of martyr-portraits and the past, cf. Lisa Saltzman, "Gerhard Richter's *Stations of the Cross,*" *Oxford Art Journal* 28 (2005): 25–44.

67. See *Daily Practice,* pp. 195, 203; *Doubt and Belief,* pp. 203–204, 264–265.

68. Michael Kimmelman, *Portraits* (New York: Modern Library, 1998), pp. 61–62.

69. Notes, December 30, 1992, *Daily Practice,* p. 251.

70. A theme developed in Alex Danchev, *On Art and War and Terror* (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2009).

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